

could boast of paying tithes of all they possessed. We profess to be better than the old Pharisees, and yet it seems that it is very difficult for men among us to be honest with themselves and with their God in relation to so simple a principle as this is. What is the matter? We have been dug out of the mire, been born in sin and shaven in iniquity, as it were, we have been clothed in corruption and mixed up in the abominations of the world, we have come out from a people that did not acknowledge God, and are dishonest in their acts, and it seems almost impossible for us to lay aside our dishonesty and wickedness. If we cannot attend to these little things how is it possible that we can rise in the political orison and be as a beacon for all nations to gaze upon. The Lord does not care a straw whether we pay our tithing or not, it does not make him one particle richer or poorer, the gold and the silver are his and the cattle upon a thousand hills, the world and all its fullness belongs to him for he organized and framed it; but as it is, of what benefit is it to him. He wants in the first place to get men to acknowledge God. I was going to say in one little carnal principle, one little earthly principle, He wants to get them to acknowledge him by giving him a certain little part or one-tenth of what he gives to them to see whether they will be honest in this trifle, to see whether they will act as honorable high-minded men or not, or whether they will try to cheat him out of it. If we do this honestly and conscientiously until we have fulfilled our duty, we are then prepared for any thing else. It is the principle and not the tithe we pay that is esteemed of the Lord, he cares not for our tithing but he cares about our doing right. If we cannot be faithful in a few things, we cannot expect to made rulers over many things.

There seems to be a prospect that some will suffer before next harvest for bread, for all men are not competent to provide and manage for themselves, hence it is made necessary that a certain kind of counsel should be given to us, that we should manage these matters according to a certain law and provide and retain enough food for ourselves. And if gold digging goes on anywhere in our vicinity and the mails have to be carried etc., let them do it the best way they can, for that is their business and not ours; our business is to provide for ourselves, and thereby show that we are wise stewards and capable of managing the things that are put under our control. These are a part of the duties that devolve upon us to perform, and these simple little temporal affairs we call our duties towards God, ourselves and our families.

I pray God that he may enable us to do right, and pursue that course that will procure to us the approbation of heaven, that we may be saved in his kingdom, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

#### A BALLOON VOYAGE OVER LONDON.

The services of Wise the popular aeronaut, with the Army of the Potomac, seems to have stimulated the military authorities of England to sanction a series of experiments in order to ascertain the value of balloon services in reconnoitering the position of an enemy. There is no doubt that Wise has imparted much information to the commanding general, especially during the time when the two armies were out of each others reach, and "all was quiet along the Potomac."

In our last issue we gave a short notice of a military reconnoissance from Woolwich Arsenal which was reported to have been very satisfactory. Three days later, "a distinguished party" made an ascent into the "great blue upper deep" and one of the party favors the New York Herald with a very readable account of the trip, from which we extract:

#### NOTHING RISKY.

With a good balloon and under the direction of a skilful aeronaut, I do not believe a balloon excursion under ordinary circumstances is attended with a particle more risk than a voyage in a steamship across the Atlantic. In corroboration of this, there are several aeronauts of this generation, at least three of whom are now living—Wise, Green and Coxwell—who have made from five to six hundred or more ascents, while it is known that at least one transatlantic steamship voyage in three hundred has been attended with a fatal shipwreck, in involving the lives of a part or all on board. And in a great majority of the cases of balloon casualties the "accidents" can be traced to some direct mismanagement, inexcusable carelessness or folly on the part of the aerial voyagers. Such has been the case in every one of the fatal balloon accidents that I have known, and one of these resulted in the death of a man that I once accompanied on an aerial voyage extending nearly half across the island of Great Britain.

To be a good aeronaut a man should possess physical vigor, good health, a clear intellect, good temper, discretion, courage, quickness of perception, sound judgment, and that order of mind which enables one to know how to act in case of a sudden emergency. He, moreover, should be a man of strict temperance. None of these are very rare qualities; but they are certainly not all possessed by every individual. Then the risk is very different at different times and seasons. It is by no means unpardonable for an aeronaut to make an ascension during the threatened

warning of a coming storm, for a laudable wish to pursue meteorological observations, or the urgent necessity of a military reconnoissance may justify it, and the voyager knows the danger, and is prepared to risk it, just as the hardy navigator prepares himself to meet a cyclone or ride out an equinoctial gale on a dangerous coast. But the mere amateur, the seeker after a new sensation, has no right, morally speaking, to go above the clouds except when all the circumstances are favorable.

It may be considered fortunate that a balloon ascension is attended with a considerable expense; for were it to be purchased cheaply the adventurers would be so numerous that among all sorts of men, and in all kinds of weather, there would be a pretty large number of casualties. I would not care about going up with a balloon that would contain less than fifty-thousand solid feet of gas, and one containing seventy-thousand feet I should consider safer, provided more than two persons were to accompany it. The balloon that carried up a party yesterday contained ninety-six thousand feet of gas, and this, with other items, required an expenditure of fifty pounds sterling (two hundred and fifty dollars).

#### MAKING UP THE PARTY.

During the last month Messrs. Henry Coxwell, the well known aeronaut, and Mr. James Glaisher, meteorologist of the Greenwich Observatory, whose scientific ascents are now so famous and widely known, had several consultations with some literary gentlemen and "distinguished foreigners," and the result was a determination to make up a party and take a trip in cloud land.

There were in all six—two of them Americans. The company comprised the aeronaut, a scientific observer; two literary gentlemen, a distinguished American statesman and a foreign nobleman. To gratify the curiosity of readers, the names of the aerial travelers may as well be given:—

Henry Coxwell, aeronaut; James Glaisher; Count Feanz Schaffgotsch; Hon. Robert J. Walker; Piny Miles; Nicholas Rowe.

The ascent was a purely private one; but, as it took place in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, one of the few localities where a supply of gas can be had, the visitors that happened to be at this noted exhibition witnessed it. From one to two thousand persons were present, separated by a rope barrier from the balloon and the excursionists, with their friends. We greatly desired three things, namely:—A pleasant day, a south wind, and preparations so early in the day as to enable us to have some six or eight hours of daylight to enable us to travel directly over England, not stopping till we arrived north of the Tweed, and perhaps drop down on the Social Science Congress now sitting in Edinburgh.

The morning opened rainy, and, as there was only an eight inch gas main, it took nearly eight hours to fill the balloon, thus delaying our departure till twenty-nine minutes past four.

#### THE START.

Being provided with a couple of small hampers, filled with creature comforts, and numerous overcoats and travelling blankets, the aerial travelers stepped into the car amid the cheers of their friends. We had two neat flags—one of Great Britain, the other the Stars and Stripes.

#### THE LAND FADING FROM VIEW.

As Captain Coxwell sang out "cast off; let go the ropes," we slowly ascended, an American waving the glorious banner of the young republic, and a "Britisher" swinging the other. Amid the cheers, the novelty and the beauty of the scene one has no time for personal fears. Instead of our party rising up, the earth seemed to be sinking away from us, while each individual object—

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces;  
The solemn temples—the great globe itself;  
Yea, all which it contains—

contracted to the dimensions of a fairy show, and dwindled into miniature. The Crystal Palace, with its one or two hundred acres of park, looked like a gentleman's country residence, with a small flower garden in front of it. We rose very moderately, perhaps getting up two thousand feet in three or four minutes, rising about at an angle of twenty-five degrees with the perpendicular.

#### LOOKING ON LONDON.

The wind carried us a little west of the north, and directly over London; and, though Sydenham—where we ascended—is seven or eight miles from the metropolis, we soon had the great commercial capital of the world spread out beneath us like a map, and, for once, in an atmosphere as pure and clear as a sunset on Lake Superior. I doubt if there has been one single day in ten months as favorable for seeing London as was yesterday afternoon. Fog or mist there was none, and the smoke of London's three hundred thousand chimneys was wafted over the northwest part of the town, leaving every street, every row and block of buildings, every church, tower, bridge and architectural pile in clear and distinct outlines.

A complete photograph of London from such a stand point, or rather flying point—what has never yet been taken—would be a curiosity, and would constitute a map of this busy centre, "its cares and vast concerns," that would be unrivalled in topographical embellishment. Words are utterly inadequate to give an idea of the grandeur and gorgeous magnificence of the scene. Mr. Glaisher said he had often had beautiful glimpses of

picturesque colors in clouds, but seldom anything to equal this, and he never had time to take note of them, as he always had to watch his instruments.

#### THE SOLAR AND ATMOSPHERIC APPEARANCES.

Raised entirely above the smoke and mist of the earth, the slowly descending sun, wrapped in a slight drapery of clouds through which it gleamed, gave us a gorgeous coloring and picturesque effect that nothing that I have ever seen on the surface of the earth, in a pretty wide range of travel, has equalled or approached. And not alone in the west was it that the clouds were so brilliant. They were piled up like vast fleeces of amber, purple and gold, in the eastern horizon, and receiving the last gilding of the luminary of day. The only clouds near us were some hovering over the north part of London, but far lower down than we were.

These were very light colored, and looked like the smoke from numerous discharges of cannon at a review, or on a field of battle.

#### TRACING THE THAMES.

The Thames was visible from its picturesque meanderings in Oxfordshire, near its source, close to its mouth in the German Ocean. The little river looked like a silver ribbon stretched in graceful curves in the midst of a variegated carpet.

#### THE ELEVATION.

While over the centre of London, Mr. Glaisher, from the ruling of his aneroid barometer, declared our perpendicular height to be one mile and three-quarters—a very respectable elevation, certainly, for modest gentlemen, though some of our party, to say the least, would be ranked among the "higher classes" of society anywhere.

#### SOUNDS FROM THE EARTH.

And, though the sight was gorgeous and beautiful beyond all description, the sound was some thing wonderful. The vast roar of London was lifted to us through a perpendicular height of ten thousand feet.

#### PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND VESSELS SEEN.

The streets and separate houses were distinctly and clearly visible, but the people we could not see. St. Paul's cathedral looked like a child's toy—a "model" church, a little plaything—while the London monument and the Corinthian Pillar, erected to the memory of Nelson, in Trafalgar square, resembled a couple of ordinary candle-sticks. Every ship and steamer on the Thames and in the East and West India docks was distinctly visible; but none of them, at the distance we were placed, displayed any motion. The only evidence of life that we had in the unparalleled panorama below us was in that awful and continuous roar. The vessels looked like children's toy ships, and those in the river appeared as if they were frozen or petrified in a stream of ice.

#### ALL APPEAR AT A STANDSTILL.

Everything was a fixture. The Serpentine, the ornamental waters in the parks, and the round drop (apparently) that forms the circular lake of several acres in extent in Kensington Gardens, seemed more like saucers or cups of water than large ponds, as they are. Finsbury circus looked like a green and gold colored dinner plate.

#### MENTAL IMPRESSIONS.

While looking at a scene so novel, and one seeming so impossible or so contrary to the ordinary laws of nature, there is great difficulty in believing one's senses. Now, that some twenty-four hours have passed, I am constantly asking myself if our lofty and magical journey was a reality, or only a fanciful dream.

#### LONDON LOOKING UP.

But if we did not see living London, all London saw us, and watched our aerial journey to the northward. Some of my friends, who knew of my intention to ascend, witnessed the balloon, and, their imaginations following their vision, pictured to themselves an adventurous mortal so far away in the distance that not even the car that contained six ordinary sized mortals was quite visible. Had the balloon not been one of great size, at our extreme height it would have been beyond the reach of vision. One of my friends said at one time it looked no larger than a man's head.

The party having been well provided with "creature comforts," toasts were drunk and speeches made—the former en règle, the latter eloquent. Among the sentiments that were given and responded to were:—

The Kings and Rulers of the world! Queen Victoria! President Lincoln! The Emperor of Austria: as each of these rulers had subject's on board. While the champagne and cognac passed round freely, the animal gas mingled freely with that of the coal so we pass over the grandiloquent speeches and personal compliments and come to the

#### TRAVEL OVER LONDON.

But I forgot, we are moving over London; the gorgeous setting sun illuminates the beautiful earth, casting long shadows, golden lines and purple belts among fields, forests, hills, valleys, cities and plains—

#### High gleaming from afar!

If the joys and pleasures of life can be measured by sensations and intellectual pleasures, an afternoon trip over London on a

clear autumn day is worth a hundred years of ordinary existence. I am entirely conscious that I have utterly failed to give you anything but a faint conception of our aerial journey and its surrounding scenes. The highest point we reached was a trifle over two miles from the earth. Of course our object was not to obtain a great altitude, or we could have gone up four or five miles, or, as Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher did in their memorable ascent last year, seven miles from the earth.

#### THE TEMPERATURE.

At the height we reached the temperature was not at all unpleasantly cold, though the mercury was about twenty degrees lower than on the surface of the earth, at starting, and which, if I remember rightly, was forty-eight degrees of Fahrenheit. Neither was there the slightest difficulty experienced in respiration. On ascending three, four or five miles Mr. Coxwell says the aerial voyager finds himself breathing more spasmodically, "gasping" as it were for breath—that is, trying by a strong effort of the lungs to draw in enough of the highly rarified or thin air to subserve the purposes of life.

#### THE DESCENT.

Our party, without being at all "elevated" with breathing the air of the upper regions or of imbibing the extensive champagneous views on every side, descended as gently as a feather, coming down upon a mountain top, alighting in a field, near the little village of Pirton, four miles from Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, having been up a little over two hours, and traveled forty-eight miles.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

A HAPPY WOMAN.—What spectacle more pleasing does the world afford than a happy woman contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of life into roses of Paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they cannot help it—no misfortunes dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone; for without seeking the baser exchange of gold, which may buy some sorts of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. What their condition is makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts and makes them radiantly beautiful. They live in a log-cabin, they make it shine with a lustre which kings and queens may covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty. Happy women are the highest types of humanity, and we cannot say how much we owe to them for the progress of the race. Would there were enough to go round!

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—Breathe not a sentence—say not a word—give not an expression of countenance that will offend another, or send a thrill of pain to his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts which a word, a look even, might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinion of others remember they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by word or sign, cast a shadow on a happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that linger on a pleasant countenance.

BE KIND TO THE AGED.—Age, when whitened for the tomb, is an object of sublimity. The passions have ceased—hopes or self have ceased. They linger with the young and pray for the young—and Oh how careful should the young be to reward the aged with their fresh hearts, to diminish the chill of ebbing life! The Spartans looked upon a reverential respect for old age as a beautiful trait of character. Be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for thou knowest not what sufferings they may have endured, or how much of it may still be their portion. Do they seem unreasonable to find fault or murmur? Allow not thine anger to kindle against them; rebuke them not, for doubtless many have been the crosses and trials of earlier years, and perhaps their dispositions, while in the spring time of life, were less flexible than our own. Do they require aid of thee? Then render it cheerfully, forget not that the time may come when thou mayest require the same assistance from others that thou renderest unto them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think it not hard if much is required at thy hands, lest when age sets his seal on thy brow and fills thy limbs with trembling, others may wait on thee unwillingly, and feel relieved when the coffin lid has covered thy face forever.

NEWSPAPERS.—A man eats up a pound of sugar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is done with; but the information he can get from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind, to be used whenever his inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man, or two men; it is the wisdom of the age—of past ages, too. A family without a newspaper is always half an age behind the times; they never think much, nor find much to think of. And there are the little ones growing up in ignorance, without a taste for reading. Besides these evils, there is the wife, who, when her work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, with nothing to amuse her mind from the cares and toils of the domestic circle. Who would be without a newspaper?